

RETRIBUTION,

AND OTHER

Printed

POEMS.

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1 — 10

BY

H. HUGHES.

1.

H

Ah! spare, ye learned Critics, spare a youth;
With lenient view his numerous errors scan;
Teach him more justly to promulge the truth;
With mild instruction rectify his plan.



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1798.

[Printed in.]

RETRIBUTION,

AND OTHER

P O E M S.

BY

H. HUGHES.



With a preface by the Rev. J. H. Hughes, M.A.,
and a list of the copies of the poem,
as far as they have been distributed.

LONDON:

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(4)

P O E M S.

RETRIBUTION.

Cry aloud, thou that fittest in the dust ;
Cry to the proud, the cruel, and unjust ;
Knock at the gates of nations, rouse their fears ;
Say, Wrath is coming, and the storm appears ;
But raise the shrillest cry in British ears. } COWPER.

THOU, who dost fill infinitude of space,
And grasp creation in contracted span,
If thou canst give attention to the base,
Hear me, the meanest of the sons of man !

Give me a spark of that celestial light,
That in Ezekiel's breast with fervour glow'd,
That from obstructions clear'd his mental fight,
And from his lips in burning words that flow'd :

Illumin'd he by Heav'n's own holy flame,
Futurity's dark page was made to know,
And find with heart-felt sorrow that the same
"Was fill'd with mourning, lamentation, woe:"

And I, if blest'd with like prophetic fire
To read the page of England's future fate,
Much do I fear, might read that sentence dire
Applied to Albion's devoted state.

With vengeance fraught, black clouds oppress the air,
That soon must burst with loud tremendous roar;
Soon must deface of bliss each prospect fair,
And in confusion plunge this hapless shore.

Feign would I warn ye of the dreadful day,
Ye guilty children of this guilty land;
Feign would I have ye listen when I say,
"Repent, repent; for judgment is at hand!"

Long has the sun of glory crown'd our day—
Long have we shone with vast unrivall'd light;
But ah! alas! the vivifying ray
Sinks, sinks apace in deepest shades of night.

The nation's crimes, that blot the brilliant scene,
Soon must entirely quench the light divine;
That sun illuming this of isles the queen
In floods of guilt declines, no more to shine.

'Twas guilt that caus'd Gomorrah's fatal fire,
 Whose former being now seems all a dream;
 'Twas this destroy'd the palaces of Tyre,
 Where owls and bitterns now in concert scream:

This in the dust Jerusalem laid low;
 This makes her sons like wand'ring sheep to stray:
 O'er all the world, despis'd, forlorn they go,
 Like chaff dispers'd by stormy winds away.

What piles of grandeur guilt has overthrown!
 A trace of which can scarcely now be found;
 'Twas this imperial Babylon brought down,
 And scatter'd all her splendour o'er the ground.

Now, in apartments where the painter's skill
 With colouring sublime adorn'd the wall,
 Which naught but elegance was wont to fill,
 Envenom'd reptiles unmolested crawl:

Those splendid rooms with finest sculpture grac'd,
 Where festive mirth and luxury abode,
 Where princes oft in regal state were plac'd,
 Are now a dwelling for the slimy toad.

In gardens once aspiring to the sky,
 Where all appear'd that could enchant the soul,
 Where heroes' praise sweet sounds exalted high,
 Now undisturb'd ferocious monsters prow.

The solemn harp's and organ's heav'nly sound,
 Yields to the yell of animals obscene;
 Where flow'rs diffus'd ambrosial sweets around,
 Grow pois'nous shrubs and herbs of scent unclean:

Soft sounds that floated in the perfum'd air,
 Sounds that inspir'd the weak and sooth'd the brave,
 Pour'd in the song of some symphonious fair,
 Yield to the blast that murmurs o'er her grave.

Those golden gods gross superstition rais'd;
 Those people weak who could such gods adore;
 Those crafty priests deluded votaries prais'd;
 Gods, people, priests, are all, alas! no more.

Walls which seem'd form'd e'en time itself to mock;
 Seem'd form'd to baffle nature's fiercest powers,
 These could not bear guilt's strength-destroying shock;
 Where guilt abides, there desolation lowers.

Bulwarks, though built as strong as rocks are strong,
 This fatal pow'r can quickly overthrow;
 And England, hapless England, must ere long,
 If guilt remains, be overwhelm'd in woe.

England! how hopeless is thy present state!
 By adulation, if thou'rt not belied;
 Thy vicious p-----s, falsely styl'd great,
 Have been declar'd the wretched nation's pride*.

* The political reader will know what pamphlet is alluded to.

Of interested men the venal praise
 Can ne'er make vice receiv'd as virtue fair;
 Invest a negro with light's purest rays,
 Still underneath his sable skin he'll wear.

Think not, ye readers of my simple lay,
 Think not a cynic muse inspires my song;
 All must observe the virtues die away,
 Must see the courses of the world are wrong.

Ah! where, Religion, is thy heav'nly train?
 All, all seem vanish'd into empty air;
 Sweet blushing Modesty has fled in pain,
 Shock'd at the boldness of the British fair.

The torch of Piety no more shall blaze
 For those who wander from the sacred light;
 But Infidelity's sulphureous rays
 Shall lead them devious to eternal night.

Perhaps in future time 'twill be a doubt,
 When guilt has robb'd the splendour of the land,
 When glory's sun shall be entirely out,
 Where London, mighty London, once might stand.

Oh! that my words were naught but false alarms,
 My thoughts prophetic naught but idle fears:
 Alas! the storm begins—the clang of arms
 With soul-affrighting sound assaults mine ears.

With brazen throat foul Discord screams aloud,
Bids all the nation form in fierce array;
Tells with undaunted face the martial crowd,
That she'll conduct where glory crowns the way.

How many thoughtless victims doth she find!
Vast is the throng that to her banner flies;
Some dæmon sure infatuates their mind,
And spreads delusion's mists before their eyes.

Is it for glory that ye thus engage?
On deeds unjust true glory ne'er can wait:
Learn, learn this truth, and moderate your rage;
Ye must be good before ye're truly great.

On false foundations human glory's built;
Oft what the righteous blush to hear, gains praise;
Doth not the warrior, eminent in guilt,
On murder'd millions all his glory raise?

Deluded men! ye glory in your shame;
With better plea to load ambition's shrine,
Ye give to murder glory's sacred name,
And basest deeds give epithets divine.

To you, ye war-promoters of the land,
Thought must convert the downy bed to thorn;
How must it wound your peace, ye guilty grand,
To think through you what miseries are born!

That ye have scatter'd scarcity around,
 Where plenty bless'd the lab'ring peasant's care;
 Made terror and confusion wild abound,
 Where Peace abode with all her offspring fair!

Ah! think of this, 'twill cloud your pompous joy;
 Think of the thousands ye have doom'd to bleed:
 Can man claim right his brother to destroy?
 Defence alone can justify the deed.

Think to the land what horrors ye've convey'd;
 How many hearts ye've plung'd in sorrow deep;
 How many mournful widows ye have made;
 How many laughing eyes ye've caus'd to weep!

How many orphans rue the fatal day
 When to the field their fire agreed to roam;
 When from their arms he tore himself away,
 And left, at *glory's* call, his peaceful home!

Can it be glory to destroy mankind;
 To stamp destruction on each object fair;
 The free in slav'ry's galling chain to bind,
 And with affliction's groans o'erload the air?

To gain a name, the powers of Hell combine,
 Of all their riches, cities vast despoil;
 Trample on laws both human and divine,
 And drench with blood the fructifying soil?

To burn stupendous monuments of art;
 Deface the dome where Science pour'd her store;
 To mock the bliss religion can impart,
 And fill the sacred fane with dæmons' roar?

Not e'en affection's strongest ties to spare;
 To butcher females in their husbands' arms;
 The screaming infant from the breast to tear,
 And spoil the lovely cherub of its charms?

Defile the spotless honour of the fair,
 Who lately flourish'd innocent and gay;
 From him she lov'd with violence to tear,
 And give her charms to brutal lust a prey?

To drive the humble peasant from his cot;
 To fill that peaceful cot with horror's yell;
 Leave devastation on the very spot
 Where plenty, peace, and health, were wont to dwell?

O'er his fair fields with rapine fierce to roam,
 His blooming offspring mingle with the dead;
 Or drive reluctant from their dear-lov'd home,
 In distant climes to beg their bitter bread?

Madly despoil fair-swelling fields of corn,
 That made with joy each hill and valley sing;
 Bid Famine empty Plenty's flowing horn,
 And o'er a nation every curse to fling?

(When

(When Famine prowls for sustenance in vain,
 Then Pestilence comes forth, with tainted breath,
 Infects the few, the wretched that remain,
 And gluts with carnage e'en rapacious Death.)

Can it be glory, beauty to deface;
 To fill a prosp'rous land with ruin fell;
 With fire and sword destroy the human race?
 Glory like this assumes the prince of Hell:—

Glory like this, oh! may I never find;
 Rather I'd live in indigence alone;
 Rather, to some obscure retreat consign'd,
 I'd spend my days neglected and unknown.

Though round the hero verdant laurels rise,
 And o'er his brow their envied foliage spread,
 Ere long the widow's groans and orphan's sighs
 Shall blast the wreath of glory on his head.

Long had his boasted laurels ceas'd to bloom,
 Ere mighty Fred'rick* in the dust was laid;
 In murder'd Zietern's undeserved tomb
 The wreath refulgent was for ever laid.

While

* Frederick the Second of Prussia, in his first war with Silesia, wishing to make some alterations in his camp during the night, forbade every person, under pain of death, to keep, after a certain hour, a fire or other light in his tent. He himself went the rounds; and, in passing the tent of a Captain Zietern, perceived a light. Entering the tent, he found the Captain sealing a letter to his wife,

While deeds from which unbounded evils flow,
 Are o'er the world in triumph loud convey'd ;
 While praise on vilest villains we bestow,
 Meek Virtue lingers in the silent shade :

Thus oft the spotless lily of the vale,
 With elegance unseen adorns the day ;
 Wastes all its fragrance in each passing gale,
 And unobserv'd its beauties fade away :

But in due time shall Virtue cease to sigh,
 For all her sorrows amply be repaid ;
 Ere long shall be a tenant of the sky,
 Cast off her rags, and be with light array'd.

When he who delug'd all the world with gore,
 O'er ev'ry kingdom desolation spread ;
 Instead of weeping that he can no more,
 Eternally laments the blood he shed ;

When Cæsar's conquests shall subdue his soul,
 And unavailing sorrow be his doom ;
 When judgment shall o'ertake oppressors foul,
 In bliss, immortal bliss, shall Virtue bloom.

for whom he had a great affection. "What are you doing there?" says the King; "do you not know the order?" The Captain fell on his knees, and begged pardon, without attempting an excuse. "Sit down," says Frederick, "and add what I am going to dictate." Zieten obeyed, and the King dictated, "To-morrow I shall perish on a scaffold." The unfortunate man wrote them, and next day was executed.

If

If Grecian chiefs, who made each empire quake;
And those of Rome, who fill'd the world with fear;
If they, though heathens, must atonement make,
Ye Christian butchers, where shall ye appear?

Ye who profess religion true to know?
No more profess; such contradiction cease:
Dare ye, whose hellish paths with blood o'erflow,
Dare ye pretend to tread the path of peace?

When the loud trump, on God's tremendous day,
O'er all the world its thund'ring voice shall spread;
When in terrific accents it shall say,
"Awake, ye sleepers; rise, and leave the dead:"

The wrath of God how shall ye then abide,
When rous'd ye leave the chambers of the grave?
In vain ye'll ask the mighty rocks to hide;
In vain seek help: from judgment naught can save.

When in his hand, on that tremendous day,
He bears aloft the scale of justice found,
All people in the balances to weigh,
Alas! how very wanting ye'll be found!

When Death, despairing at his vanquish'd reign,
And Time has yielded to his rav'nous ire,
Finding his arrows all dispers'd in vain,
Himself with hunger shall at length expire;

When

When all creation joins in doleful cries,
 And ev'ry soul is lost in fore amaze ;
 When fades the sun, and all the brilliant skies
 Entirely lost in his superior blaze ;

When lightnings fierce illuminate the air,
 And rolling thunders fill the world with fear ;
 When scarce the best a scrutiny can bear ;
 Say then, ye guilty, how shall ye appear ?

Ye sinful Jews ! how shall ye bear to see,
 Chang'd beyond all description and belief,
 Him ye despis'd and nail'd upon the tree ; -
 That man of sorrow, only known to grief ?

That blessed head ye bound with goading thorn,
 Crown'd with eternal splendour ye shall view ;
 Those holy hands that ye with nails have torn,
 Shall hurl perdition on your bloody crew.

Ye harden'd atheists ! who would ne'er behold
 The light, refulgent ye've assay'd to hide,
 When vast eternity's wide gates unfold,
 Then must ye feel the torments ye defied.

Ye foul adulterers ! how shall ye endure,
 (When all your rotten bones again unite,)
 Summon'd before a God intensely pure,
 How shall ye bear th' intolerable fight ?

Ye kings * ! with crowns and sceptres laid aside,
When gems no more their lustre shall impart,
When robes of ermine can no longer hide
The secret blackness that corrodes the heart ;

Ye nobles ! noble only in your name,
(For noble names ennoble not the mind,)
Who make the coronet a badge of shame,
And live, to all that's truly noble blind :

Think of the nobles of unhappy France !
Compare their present state with what is past !
While on they mov'd in Pleasure's wanton dance,
Destruction's whirlwind rose—they perish'd in the
blast.

Think of Maria, Gallia's brilliant star,
Behold a nation basking in her smile,
Hear by the trump of fame extended far
Her praise resound through ev'ry distant isle !

Ah ! turn the picture—see her consort mild,
Hurl'd from his throne, lie bleeding on the earth ;
Abus'd, abandon'd, hear her darling child
Curse the distinctions of a royal birth.

* 'Tis not for George the Third to fear
The time that makes his thoughts appear,

Ah !

Ah ! turn the picture—see her bleeding lie ;
 See her dishevell'd locks, with grief worn gray,
 Dragg'd from a dungeon, in disgrace to die ;
 Of this bright star see blood absorb each ray.

While, hapless queen, we grieve that thou wast born
 In such atrocious, execrable times,
 O'er thy distress e'en seraphims shall mourn,
 And with their tears obliterate thy crimes.

Fly, Britons, fly, from Pleasure far away ;
 Full to your view the syren spreads her charms ;
 " Here Peace," she cries, " exerts unbounded sway ;
 " Haste, haste, ye mortals ; prove it in my arms."

Oft have her lustful eye and wanton air
 Shot poison'd arrows through the thoughtless soul ;
 How oft her sweet luxurious potions bear
 The dregs of sorrow in the sparkling bowl !

Each fruit, each flower, perfuming zephyr's breath,
 Fill all her paths with sweet deceptive bloom ;
 Ah ! who could think those paths conduct to death ?
 Thus roses flourish o'er the noisome tomb.

Touch not her fruits, so tempting to the view ;
 Hear what I say, and on my words rely ;
 Experience oft has prov'd my doctrine true ;
 The fool who eats thereof must surely die.

The fowler thus conceals his treach'rous snare;
 In food that lures the thoughtless bird to taste;
 Too late the flutt'ring tenant of the air
 In languid note laments his foolish haste.

Glory, and pleasure of the world, are vain,
 And prove how blind is man's ill-judging race;
 Ah! what avails a perfum'd path to pain,
 Or what that glory which ensures disgrace?

True Pleasure's found in Virtue's rural bower;
 There dwells with Piety and harmless Mirth;
 Far from the painted realms of Wealth and Power,
 Reside the purest pleasures of the earth.

Ye pastors! careless where your flocks may stray;
 Careful alone the shepherd's hire to gain;
 Who, if they follow where ye lead the way,
 Must be conducted to eternal pain:

Ye traders! who your sole pursuit have made,
 Collecting treasures that must fade away;
 Neglecting those that in the skies are laid,
 Which moth, nor rust, nor time, can e'er decay:

Ye brutes! to every tender feeling blind,
 The free-born Africans who buy and sell;
 Vengeance, profusely stor'd, ere long ye'll find,
 Satan your steward, and your storehouse Hell.

How foul, how horrid, is the name of slave!
 Shall man enslave whom God created free?
 Not all the wealth that traffic ever gave,
 Thus ill-acquir'd, a blessing e'er can be.

Unhappy race! though doom'd a colour foul,
 For some wise end of Providence, to bear;
 Compare that colour to your masters' soul,
 The drifted snow to jet is far less fair.

Ye kings! ye priests! ye nobles! traders! all
 Who've liv'd unholy, to your grief must find,
 Though before Christ the tyrant Death shall fall,
 For you he'll leave his poignant sting behind.

Ah! think, ye guilty, how ye shall appear
 Before Messiah, cloth'd in vengeance dire;
 How ye shall bear (and bear ye must) to hear,
 "Depart, ye cursed, into ceaseless fire."

Then shall the earth her pond'rous jaws expand,
 And floods of fire shall from the fissure roll;
 There at the brink shall Hell's grim monarch stand,
 To plunge in torment ev'ry guilty soul.

On Satan last the horrid gulf shall close;
 All Hell shall welcome his infernal train;
 All Hell shall echo with their endless woes,
 And screaming fiends shall triumph in their pain.

But you, ye good distress'd, ye virtuous few,
 Who live on earth neglected and unblest'd,
 These words your Saviour shall address to you—
 " Arise, my children ; taste eternal rest."

For you he'll conquer Death and Death's fell sting,
 Entirely spoil the vict'ry of the Grave;
 To realms of peace your wearied souls shall bring,
 In founts of bliss eternally to lave :

For you true glory in his train he'll bear,
 Bid all the storms of trouble cease to roar :
 Then shall ye hear bright cherubims declare,
 That Death is dead, and time shall be no more.

Fear not, ye good, fear not life's troubled sky ;
 Each path by you in safety may be trod ;
 Truth hangs her everlasting lamp on high,
 To light your footsteps to the courts of God.

Should all the suns that flame in boundless space
 Shrink into non-existence at his frown,
 Or at his nod retiring from their place,
 Worlds heap'd on worlds, drop from their summit
 down ;

Should all those worlds to fierce volcanos turn,
 From ev'ry pore belch furious flames around,
 Virtue serenely might behold them burn,
 Might hear them burst, nor tremble at the sound.

Eternal happiness the good must prove;
 The bad, alas! must feel eternal pain:
 His word declares it, which can never move,
 But shall to all eternity remain.

Then hear me, sons of England, and repent;
 Though weak my muse, yet truth adorns the lay:
 O! let the hardness of your hearts relent,
 And seek, O seek forgiveness, while ye may.

Repent, repent! let ev'ry folly cease,
 Or soon will Guilt each flatt'ring hope destroy;
 Tread Virtue's paths (the only paths of peace),
 Which lead to real, never-fading joy.

If better days we're suffer'd to behold,
 And mercy for a time suspend our doom,
 Yet be assur'd, if vice is uncontroll'd,
 'Twill plunge us deeper in Tartarean gloom:

As oft the sun, when clouds obscure the day,
 Emits at eve a glorious transient light,
 All nature gilds with one transplendent ray,
 Then leaves creation in profoundest night.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

THAT bell which tolls monotonous and slow,
 So mournful swelling in the gentle gale,
 Seems to lament some wretched cause of woe,
 And fills with sorrow all the peaceful vale.

That soft, that sweet, that undulating breeze,
 Seem'd in my grief to bear a friendly part;
 Seem'd, as it whisper'd through the tufted trees,
 To sigh forth all the sorrows of my heart.

Ye young and old! both listen to that bell,
 For loud it bids us all prepare to die;
 Ere long 'twill ring your own sad parting knell;
 Ere long your fate must claim the pensive sigh:

Catch then the sound, and let it strike the heart;
 While, as it ling'ring vibrates on your ear,
 It tells (an awful truth!) how soon ye'll part
 From all on earth that you esteem most dear.

And

And O! forsake your sins, and let it be
 To Heav'n's high throne your unremitted pray'r,
 That you may die as well prepar'd as he
 Whose passing-bell now bids us all prepare :

For he was one of that exalted race
 Whom God doth sometimes give to teach mankind;
 His bright example gave religion grace,
 And all his precepts spoke a godlike mind :

Far from ambition's slipp'ry paths he trod ;
 No profit e'er could him from duty draw ;
 His sole ambition was to please his God,
 By due observance of his sacred law.

Though mean and lowly in his own esteem,
 In virtue's cause how boldly would he talk !
 Bold as Saint Paul, he'd dwell upon the theme
 That show'd a sinful people how to walk.

Whene'er the pulpit's sacred seat he fill'd,
 With mute attention ev'ry word was caught ;
 With pleasure ev'ry good man's bosom thrill'd,
 To hear the truth so reverently taught.

With awe the scriptures he was wont to read,
 And which from him were heard with double sway,
 For in those paths to life that mortals lead,
 From youth to age he ever led the way.

'Twas

'Twas his in all distress to bear a part,
 To cure the poignant wound of anxious grief,
 To pour religion's balm into the heart,
 And give to all the wretched kind relief;

To smoothe the trembling sinner's path to death,
 To raise the parting soul this world above;
 Calmly to make the wretch resign his breath,
 By setting forth his dying Saviour's love:

Of mercy, godlike mercy, would he preach,
 And Heav'n's beatitude eternal tell;
 The truly penitent he thus would teach,
 To leave in peace a world they'd lov'd too well.

Though grave and pious, he was truly so;
 Of mirth and humour none could be more fond;
 Yet, to produce of each the finest flow,
 The bounds of virtue he'd ne'er go beyond.

So cheerful, gay, and full of mirth was he,
 That all rejoic'd his company to gain;
 In which the bad themselves were pleas'd to be,
 Though from their vices they must then refrain;

For vice, by whomsoever 'twas done or spoke,
 Could never gain from him the least applause;
 Nor would he praise of wit the keenest stroke,
 If not subservient to virtue's laws.

Although his time was rather short on earth,
 He was for truth an advocate so strong,
 That, if computed by his sterling worth,
 Truly his life was very, very long.

The boast of age is not a length of years;
 Thus it is written in the sacred page:
 'Tis not how long we walk this vale of tears,
 But godlike wisdom is the pride of age.

All ye who read these humble artless lays,
 Think not I've drawn a mortal too divine;
 Think not 'tis all unmeaning pompous praise;
 Believe me, truth has dictated each line!

Pity such well-spent days should end in woe!
 Pity such worth affliction e'er should move!
 From grief the best are not exempt, we know;
 For God afflicteth those that he doth love.

Naught could avail, though ev'ry thing was fought,
 His darling daughter's precious life to save;
 She died, alas! and soon, full soon, it brought
 "His gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave."

The soft endearments of connubial care
 Could ne'er extract grief's arrow from his heart;
 'Twas Heav'n's all-wise decree that plac'd it there,
 And Heav'n alone could mitigate its smart.

Sometimes indeed upon his faded eyes
 The beams of wonted gaiety would play;
 But soon would wakeful memory arise,
 And chase the tranſient happineſs away.

(So the bright moon-beam gilds the ſombre cloud,
 That ſweeps impetuous o'er the ſapphire plain,
 Till ev'ry ray its awful horrors ſhroud,
 And only darkneſs and diſmay remain.)

Away, ye ſtoics ! with unfeeling rant;
Yourſelves would mourn a child of worth ſo rare :
 No more contemn the tenderneſs ye want,
 But pity grief this good man could not bear :

Not that he murmur'd at God's juſt decrees,
 Or thought himſelf unworthy of his fate ;
 But ſuch a loſs, attended with diſeaſe,
 He found too much, ſo ſunk beneath the weight.

So as the ſun in ſorrow ſeems to die,
 When ſpread with wat'ry clouds the weſt appears,
 So (I repeat it with a heart-felt ſigh)
 His well-ſpent courſe, alas ! ſo ſunk in tears :

And though the ſun at morn ſhall brilliant be,
 When night returns, his glories fade away :
 Not ſo the good man's glories fade, for he
 Shall riſe, to ſhine in everlaſting day.

And soon the subject of my verse shall rise ;
 The grave and all its horrors leave behind :
 Soon in the blissful mansions of the skies
 The full reward of all his worth shall find.

[These lines were not written with the smallest intention of being offered to the public ; but as they are allowed to be descriptive of his father's character, and will, on that account, be acceptable to those who were acquainted with it, the author is induced to add them to his other juvenile productions.]

VERSES

V E R S E S

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN ON THE TOMB OF A
DECEASED SISTER * AND HER CHILD.

AH ! what avails the marble's sculptur'd base,
To tell whose bones here join their native clay ?
Like them the record time must soon deface,
Like them the hardest substance must decay :

Not so her virtues—they shall e'er remain ;
(Equal as daughter, parent, friend, or wife ;)
When adamantine monuments prove vain,
Shall stand recorded in the book of life.

The babe who caus'd her much-lamented fate,
Droop'd unsupported by maternal love,
Soon left mortality's mysterious state,
And fought its parent in the realms above.

* Alluded to in the Elegy. She died in child-bed.

Alike in spotless innocence and grace,
 Their spirits clear'd from ev'ry base alloy ;
 Rais'd through the regions of unbounded space,
 Together seek the bright abodes of joy.

For them I see the gates of heav'n expand,
 Its everlasting portal wide display'd ;
 See them of angels join the sacred band,
 In all the splendour of the skies array'd :

In crowns of gold and robes of purest white,
 I see the perfect spirits haste away ;
 See them, enraptur'd, wing their easy flight,
 To reach the climes of empyrean day :

There see them enter with the glorious train,
 With steps ethereal tread the star-pav'd floor ;
 Borne by archangels o'er the sapphire plain,
 And plac'd at God's right-hand for evermore.

ON A FINE

LABURNUM,

PLANTED BY THE SAME SISTER.

AH! how unlike to her who plac'd thee there,
And strove from storms thine infant state to save!
While you with sweets perfume the ambient air,
Alas! she withers in the noisome grave.

Yet, lovely plant, though now with grace you shine,
Thy blooming beauties soon must fade away;
Thy charms are full as transient as they're fine;
The fleeting fragrance of a summer's day:

But she shall burst ere long the dreary tomb,
And with unfading verdure reach the shore;
Where, by the streams of life refresh'd, she'll bloom,
And flourish fair when time shall be no more.

VERSES

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR A BILL OF MORTALITY.

TO those who dream in Pleasure's perfum'd bowers,
 Where sensual charms intoxicate the mind,
 And those who keep the soul's celestial powers
 In adamant chains of care confin'd;

TO those I call, and bid them wisely stray
 Far from the snares by fascination spread;
 From futile avocations turn away,
 To read the gloomy records of the dead:

TO read of infants just acquiring breath,
 Of youth exulting in unsullied bloom,
 Pierc'd by the arrows of insatiate Death,
 And laid to perish in the silent tomb;

TO read of manhood as he bears elate
 Valour and vigour on his dauntless brow,
 While unsuspecting of the storms of fate,
 Vanquish'd and crouching to his mortal foe;

Of blooming virgins, as the rose-bud fair,
 Torn from their lovers to the spectre's arms ;
 Unus'd to mercy, never known to spare,
 The spoiler triumphs in their blasted charms.

Ye thoughtless ! read, and tremble as ye read,
 For soon ye'll add to Death's unnumber'd guests ;
 E'en while I write, his darts unseen may speed
 To sheathe their venom in your joyful breasts.

Think ! when in secret and unknown to fear,
 On Sin's unhallow'd couch ye lay your head,
 The grisly king of terrors may appear,
 And bid you seek with skeletons your bed.

And ye, absorb'd in low terrestrial care,
 Think, when ye're counting treasures ill acquir'd,
 An awful voice this summon dire may bear—
 “ Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be desir'd.”

But what avails ? In spite of all that's said,
 Man hugs Perdition with a fond embrace ;
 Year after year this sad memento's read,
 To lead his footsteps in the paths of grace.

Day after day we hear the passing-bell
 Demand attention from the careless crowd ;
 Day after day its solemn accents tell
 Our transient state importunately loud :

Both

Both pass unheeded as an autumn breeze,
 That hurries by with melancholy sound;
 Seeming to mourn the fate of fading trees,
 When their gay foliage withers on the ground.

How strange ! how inconsistent is our course !
 While blest'd with all the godlike pow'r to save,
 With poison we augment Death's nat'ral force,
 And offer vict'ry to the ruthless Grave.

EDGAR

EDGAR and EMMA.

A TALE.

'T WAS at the hour when ev'ning gray
Had quench'd the sun's last crimson ray,
And nature fought repose ;
When, to illume the sombre night,
And cast o'er all a softer light,
The silver moon arose ;

While riding in the azure plain,
With all the planets in her train,
She sang her source divine,
And made in silent strain appear,
Though thunder ne'er was heard more clear,
'Twas God who bid her shine :

When passing through a savage wood,
The youthful Edgar, wife and good,
Saw Heav'n's artill'ry form ;
In vain he urg'd his rapid steed,
And hop'd, in vain, to find through speed
A shelter from the storm ;

The gallant knight with grief espied
 The fire-fraught clouds impetuous ride,
 And tempest's flag unfurl'd;
 Which hiding ev'ry lustre fair
 That floated in the fields of air,
 In darkness cloth'd the world.

No more the moon's mellifluous ray
 Repaid the absence of the day,
 No more illum'd the night:
 Thus youth begins with skies serene,
 Thoughtless what storms must intervene
 To cloud each gay delight.

The wind laid low with fiercest rage
 Trees that had stood from age to age,
 And broke the matted shade;
 As by the roots huge oaks were torn,
 Its hollow murmur seem'd to mourn
 The ravages it made:

And now the foul-appalling blast,
 With which the storm commenc'd, was past,
 And rain in torrents fell;
 The bursting thunder roll'd around,
 The forked lightning lash'd the ground—
 Earth seem'd another Hell.

Check'd by the deep impervious wood,
 By Virtue shielded, Edgar stood,
 And not the least dismay'd;
 For virtue, unallied to fear,
 Creation's wreck unmov'd might bear,
 Secure in heav'nly aid.

His faithful servant sought around
 If any vestige could be found
 Of human dwelling near;
 At length, with glee, "My lord," he cried,
 "A feeble light I have descried,
 "My longing eyes to cheer."

To where the light auspicious burn'd,
 Dismounting from their steeds, they turn'd
 Along the weed-chok'd ground;
 Through the thick forest's thorny mass,
 With labour, having gain'd a pass,
 An easy way they found.

They had not long pursu'd the road,
 Before they reach'd a small abode,
 That seem'd to promise rest;
 They begg'd a shelter from the storm,
 And not in vain; for welcome warm
 Soon cheer'd each drooping guest.

The master cried, with friendly force,
“ My children, know the blest source
“ From whence my pleasures flow,
“ Is to relieve the stranger’s need,
“ The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
“ And soften human woe.

“ Welcome to what my cot bestows ;
“ I give with joy the sought repose,
“ My homely simple fare ;
“ For though with little I am blest,
“ I do, with those that are distress’d,
“ That little gladly share:”—

Then plac’d them by the fire’s warm side,
And while their rain-drench’d limbs they dried,
He press’d the cordial draught ;
Which, as on wholesome vi’nds they fed,
That on the cleanly board were spread,
They temperately quaff’d.

Address polite the good man shew’d ;
And, though he stoop’d with age’s load
Towards his parent earth,
His manner, gentle and refin’d,
Declar’d a cultivated mind,
And told superior birth :

The

The graces of his early day
Were not entirely worn away
By Time's relentless tooth ;
Oft e'en beneath the weight of years
In faintly lineaments appears
The elegance of youth.

As Edgar's spirits brisk return'd,
With curiosity he burn'd,
And begg'd it might be shown,
How long, with such a polish'd mind,
In this recess he'd liv'd confin'd,
And to the world unknown.

" My tale," he answer'd, with a smile,
" Shall of their length the hours beguile,
" If you can patient hear
" An aged man's recital flow,
" And, as he paints each scene of woe,
" Excuse the falling tear.

" My youth began its gay career
" With ev'ry charm that could endear
" My thoughtless soul to life ;
" A lovely maid her angel charms
" Resign'd to these enraptur'd arms,
" And call'd herself my wife :

" 'Twas

“ 'Twas not her beauty, birth, or land—

“ Her virtues made me seek her hand ;

“ For beauty's soon resign'd,

“ And wealth is trash to mental worth,

“ And oh ! how abject's noble birth

“ Without a noble mind !

“ Beauty, and birth, and wealth, are vain ;

“ Though pleasing, they can't long remain ;

“ As summer gales they fly :

“ But virtue, built on basis sure,

“ Shall to eternity endure,

“ And never, never die.

“ With roses all my paths were spread,

“ But soon, alas ! the roses fled,

“ Though all their thorns were left :—

“ Oh ! how it wrings my tortur'd soul

“ To think by what a treach'ry foul

“ Of bliss I was bereft.

“ A wealthy lord, whose castle near

“ Our own its turrets us'd to rear,

“ Whom we conceiv'd a friend,

“ A courteous invitation sent :

“ With infant child and wife I went

“ Some festal days to spend.

“ As

“ As Judas with a kiss deceiv’d,
“ So he with open arms receiv’d,
“ And gave us welcome fare;
“ Unusual pomp his house array’d,
“ And all his splendour was display’d,
“ To hide the fatal snare.

“ His table gay profusion crown’d,
“ Where ev’ry luxury was found
“ Magnificence could show;
“ The song, the dance, the luscious bowl,
“ United to entrance my soul,
“ And make my spirits flow.

“ While thus with pleasure entertain’d,
“ ’Twas late when I my chamber gain’d,
“ And plac’d on down my head;
“ When sinking in a soothing dream,
“ Rous’d by my wife’s terrific scream,
“ I started from my bed.

“ Six armed ruffians met my sight;
“ In vain with them I strove to fight—
“ The contest soon was past:
“ In vain I threaten’d, rav’d in vain;
“ Their force unable to restrain,
“ They gagg’d and bound me fast.

“ No

“ No words can language ever find
“ To speak the anguish of my mind,
“ When from my tender mate
“ With brutal fury I was torn,
“ And left her with my babe to mourn
“ The horrors of my fate.

“ They bore me to a dungeon’s gloom,
“ Where darkness made a living tomb,
“ Whose walls were steep and high :
“ For years I spent my wretched days
“ Without the sun’s enlivening rays,
“ Solicitous to die.—

“ At length the wretch who brought me food,
“ One night with strength of wine subdu’d,
“ Forgot to close my door ;
“ Swifter than flies the hunted deer,
“ Through a small arch that open’d near,
“ My trembling limbs I bore.

“ I wander’d long in abject plight,
“ Afraid to see the cheerful light,
“ Yet no disturbance found ;
“ My gaoler, who was well aware
“ His life must answer want of care,
“ Pretended I was bound.

“ My

" My castle, once of bliss the seat,
" Where naught but smiles I'd us'd to meet,
" Strangers unknown maintain'd;
" The land my former vassals till'd
" I found by other vassals fill'd,
" And begg'd where once I reign'd.

" I hop'd some friends might still remain,
" Who would assist my right again,
" And curb the traitor's sway;
" Alas! the friends that I had left,
" Like me, of all they had bereft,
" Were far dispers'd away.

" And hearing now a rumour spread,
" That all my soul held dear were dead,
" Revenge was quite forgot;
" I strove, though broke with sorrow's weight,
" With fortitude to meet my fate,
" And fought this humble cot.

" Unthought-of comforts here I find;
" Religion calms my troubled mind,
" And quells the mental strife;
" Bids every headstrong passion cease,
" And leads me through the path of peace
" To everlasting life.

“ The blast of Grief has laid me low,
“ As this wild storm’s ferocious blow
“ Must fell the tow’ring trees :
“ Secure, its force no more you fear ;
“ So, I Life’s distant tempests hear,
“ And feel myself at ease.

“ Although in clouds declines my fun,
“ May God’s good will be ever done,
“ No more will I repine ;
“ For shortly I must yield my breath,
“ Must feel the welcome stroke of Death,
“ And every care resign.

“ Revenge and envy caus’d my foe
“ To strike the unsuspected blow
“ That robb’d me of my rest ;
“ He once solicited in vain
“ My consort’s virgin love to gain—
“ This rankled in his breast.

“ From Sorrow’s cup may you be free,
“ That’s been profusely drank by me—
“ May you be ever blest !
“ And, now I’ve told my tale of woes,
“ I’d recommend you to repose—
“ You must have need of rest.”

Of clouds next morn the sky was clear'd,
 In splendour full the Sun appear'd,
 Dispersing shades of night;
 Rous'd by Creation's various tongue,
 That rais'd to Heav'n the grateful song,
 Young Edgar fought the light.

His host was up to breathe the morn;
 For sorrow turns the down to thorn,
 And early loves to rise:—
 His garden neat he made produce
 Sweet flowers for pleasure, herbs for use,
 And gentle exercise.

Into the good man's arms he flew,
 With warm affection bid adieu,
 And begg'd he'd not refuse
 To tell his foe's disgraceful name,
 That he might bring the wretch to shame
 Who could such worth abuse.—

“No,” he replied, “that trouble save,
 “For soon within the peaceful grave
 “My weary bones shall rest;
 “Vengeance to God alone belongs,
 “And he'll redress old Conrad's wrongs,
 “When he shall think it best.

“ Think you that I could e'er resolve
“ In my distress a youth t' involve
 “ For whom my prayers are giv'n;
“ That though on earth I meet no more,
“ When fleeting life with him is o'er,
 “ I may again in Heaven?”

The Knight now left the calm abode,
And as he took the forest road,
 And cast his eyes o'er all
The storm-struck trees that met his view,
They seem'd, as glistering with dew,
 To weep their recent fall.

As he was riding fast along,
The deep imbow'ring woods among,
 A castle caught his sight;
The sun in full meridian shone
The lofty battlements upon
 Conspicuously bright.

When near the gate he led his way,
And stopp'd its grandeur to survey,
 Which, as he much admir'd,
The noble owner of the place
Rode by, and, pleas'd with Edgar's face,
 His company desir'd.

With

With courtesy the youth complied,
Whom to the castle's portal wide
The noble Baron led ;—
Each ornament, with hand profuse,
That Gothic grandeur could produce,
O'er all the place was spread.

Each lofty, spacious cedar room
Breath'd every spicy rich perfume
Arabian plains afford :—
The minstrel's silver harp, he found,
Made all the painted walls resound
In praises of his lord.

With massy plate the table blaz'd,
Where every rarity was rais'd
Indulgence could provide ;
Yet e'en the lord of all this state
Seem'd on his mind to bear a weight
His splendour could not hide :—

In vain for him the feast was made,
Beauty for him in vain display'd
Her fascinating bloom ;
Sounds, that for earth seem'd too divine,
Nor e'en the mighty power of wine,
Could dissipate his gloom.

Edgar,

Edgar, amaz'd, fear'd actions foul
 Oppress'd—for what could else?—his soul,
 With such abundance blest'd;
 For, though to guilt himself unknown,
 He knew by guilt what thorns are sown
 Within the culprit's breast.

To every guilty wretch it's known
 That floods of pleasure ne'er can drown
 The voice of Conscience loud;
 This bad companion will intrude
 Both in the depth of Solitude
 And Folly's idle crowd.

When all the pomp of day was fled,
 And Edgar in a filken bed
 Composedly reclin'd,
 He saw a little narrow door,
 That had been unobserv'd before,
 Forc'd open by the wind:

He dress'd, and instantly arose,
 Intent the aperture to close,
 When, by his taper shown,
 A gloomy passage met his eye,
 Damp, and impervious to the sky
 From whence he heard a groan.

On

On he advanc'd, for naught he fear'd,
Till through a prison-grate appear'd
A charming weeping fair;
Her face was pale as winter snows,
But Grief, not Time, had cropp'd the rose
That should have blossom'd there.

The lovely melancholy maid
With fix'd surprise the youth survey'd,
Who told what led him there;
And said, " If you'll disclose your grief,
" I'll perish or bestow relief,
" By all that's good I swear."

" Alas !" she cried, " my early years
" Have been consum'd in fruitless tears;
" Sad is my tale to tell :—
" E'er since remembrance strikes my mind,
" I've with a mother been confin'd
" In this unwholesome cell.

" She had not pass'd youth's brilliant morn,
" When from each pleasure she was torn
" That Fortune could bestow ;
" Of wealth and husband's fond embrace
" Robb'd by this castle's baron base,
" And overwhelm'd in woe.

" For

“ For me she struggled long with Fate,
“ And taught my mind to emulate
“ The virtues of her own ;
“ But now, alas ! Grief’s fatal dart,
“ With sickness barb’d, has pierc’d her heart,
“ And ah ! I’m left alone.

“ ‘ I go,’ she cried, ‘ where Grief meets Peace,
“ From troubling where the wicked cease—
“ They can’t molest the tomb ;
“ I go to join my wedded love,
“ Who long, I hope, has shone above,
“ In youth’s eternal bloom :

“ ‘ I go to join the good, the blest,
“ In realms of everlasting rest
“ Ecstatic bliss to find :
“ Rejoic’d this wretched life I leave ;
“ The only cause for which I grieve
“ Is leaving you behind.’

“ She spoke—the lustre left her eye,
“ And, with a deep expiring sigh,
“ Sunk into Death’s calm sleep :—
“ Of every earthly stay bereft,
“ The only comfort I have left,
“ In silence is to weep !

“ Dear

“ Dear friendly youth, of aspect mild,
“ Assist lost Emma, Conrad’s child;
“ O let me find one friend !”—
“ And art thou Conrad’s daughter dear ?”
The youth exclaim’d : “ no longer fear,
“ Thy miseries soon shall end.

“ I know your honour’d fire, fair maid—
“ He lives—and soon from Sorrow’s shade
“ These arms, I hope, shall save;
“ A daughter’s care his grief shall sooth,
“ And with assiduous duty smooth
“ His passage to the grave.

“ Engag’d in godlike Virtue’s aid,
“ Unwonted strength will arm my blade,
“ For Heav’n will take my part :
“ The earth, ere morrow’s sun be set,
“ With Oswold’s life-blood shall be wet,
“ Fast flowing from his heart.

“ Adieu, my fair ! I must not stay,
“ For Chanticleer proclaims a day
“ With consequence replete.”
The fiercest challenge words could yield
He wrote, then hurried to the field
Where he propos’d to meet.

He waited long before he spied
 Oswold the vile, to whom he cried
 Aloud, " Base tyrant, know,
 " For injur'd Conrad I engage,
 " For him the bloody battle wage
 " With his and Virtue's foe."

Silent with rage, he answer'd naught;
 With fiercest fury long they fought,
 And neither felt a wound—
 Till Edgar, with unerring force,
 O'erthrew the traitor from his horse,
 And pinn'd him to the ground.

" Forbear," he scream'd; " insatiate Death
 " Impatient sucks my fleeting breath—
 " Where's now my splendid pride?
 " I feel, I feel the pangs of Hell,
 " Tortures more fierce than tongue can tell."
 Thus raving Oswold died.

The Knight flew eager to relate
 The joyful change in Emma's fate,
 Wrought by his conduct bold:
 As showers revive the sun-burnt grass,
 So he reviv'd the drooping lass
 By the glad news he told.

In softest strain he breath'd his love,
Which Emma could not disapprove,
But own'd he'd won her heart :
And now, with haste, th' impatient maid
To Conrad's cottage he convey'd,
The welcome tale t' impart.

Frantic with pleasure and surprise,
He scarce could trust his aged eyes,
Scarce credit what he heard ;
But soon he saw his daughter's face
Reflected every blooming grace
That in his wife appear'd.

Prostrate before her honour'd fire,
Her bosom fill'd with filial fire,
The lovely virgin knelt ;
And, while with grateful love impress'd,
He clasp'd her to his glowing breast,
His tears told what he felt :—

At length he spoke—“ How much is due !

“ Dear youth, what can I render you

“ For all the good you've done ?”

With eagerness the Knight replied,

“ Emma consents to be my bride,

“ Accept me for a son :—

“ To be of joy the constant source,
“ And break of all thy woes the force,
“ Shall ever be our care.”

The good old man with pleasure gave
His child to one so good and brave,
And o'er them breath'd this prayer:—

“ O Thou ! who perfect art alone,
“ Plac'd on Eternity's firm throne,
“ Where Truth's pure fountains flow—
“ Where angels strike the golden lyre,
“ And in the hymns of Heav'n aspire
“ In vain thy praise to show ;

“ Accept a worm's unfeigned praise
“ For gilding thus his latter days ;
“ And grant, when they are o'er,
“ He may on seraphs' wings arise,
“ Join his lov'd consort in the skies,
“ And with her Thee adore.

“ Thy grace to these thy children give,
“ That blest'd, and blessing, they may live,
“ And old in virtue grow ;
“ For which, to them bestow such love,
“ That all their thoughts may be above,
“ E'en while they live below.”

THE
REALM of SENSUAL BLISS.

SONS of Pleasure ! haste along,
 Form the dance, inspire the song ;
 And when Time relentless throws
 Hoary locks on wrinkled brows,
 Hide them with the blushing rose ;
 Blushing rose, that glows with fear,
 Lest thy gray locks should appear :
 If he manacle thy feet,
 Patient take a downy seat ;
 There, while nectar warms the soul,
 Plunge the tyrant in the bowl ;
 When in anger struggling he,
 With resolution to get free,
 You, determin'd not to spare,
 Of his venom'd tooth beware.

See yon buxom train advance
 O'er the flow'r-embroider'd vale ;
 See them weave the mazy dance,
 Music filling ev'ry gale :
 These are Pleasure's children gay,
 Who sing and dance the hours away.

While

While the notes symphonious swell,
 See them lightly frolic round;
 Distant groves, where others dwell,
 Reiterate the joyful sound:
 Groups exulting, sport between
 The lofty trees that shade the green.

Where yon marble fountains play,
 Some their forms enchanting lave;
 Defy the fervid heat of day,
 In the cool refreshing wave;
 Some explore the secret source
 Of springs that lose in woods their course:

Other beauties, half undress'd,
 In composure sweet are laid;
 Tir'd of dancing, covet rest
 In the citron's grateful shade:
 Gentle streams around them creep,
 With murmur soft inviting sleep.

The rose accusing, hear yon swain,
 While his glowing wreath he weaves:
 " Well, sweet flow'r, may envy stain
 " With crimson dye thy blushing leaves;
 " Thy breath and colour ne'er can vie
 " With her who bids my bosom sigh."

Float-

Floating down with easy grace,
 See their queen advance along;
 Joys intemp'rate flush her face,
 Sensual charms inspire her song:
 Monarch she of boundless sway,
 Her voice despotic all obey.

A robe transparent round her flows,
 Through which her polish'd limbs are seen;
 Thus more lovely blooms the rose,
 Peeping through the foliage green;
 More lovely shows her snowy breast,
 Swelling through the flimsy vest.

Built of precious stones, behold
 Her palace shine the woods among;
 See the glitt'ring gates unfold,
 Inviting all the thoughtless throng;
 The joyous train, without delay,
 Enter with their sov'reign gay.

Couches, form'd of cygnet down,
 With softest filken cov'ring grac'd,
 Flowers profusely o'er them strewn,
 Round the rich saloon are plac'd;
 In languid affectation spread,
 There Pleasure rests her giddy head.

Gems and flowers compose her crown,
 A di'mond sceptre fills her hand;
 Ascending now her iv'ry throne,
 Obsequious vot'ries round her stand :
 Censers, burning rich perfume,
 With incense fill the lofty room.

Hear the sweet musicians sing ;
 This the burden of their lay :
 " Time is ever on the wing ;
 " Why should Care protract his stay ?
 " Hence, ye sober sons of Care !
 " Ye can't respire our perfum'd air.

" Here let Mirth alone be seen,
 " With insinuating wiles ;
 " Never shall approach our queen
 " Visage unadorn'd with smiles :
 " Hence, ye melancholy race !
 " Yield to Beauty's dimpled face.

" Wife are those who ply the oar
 " Where the streams of pleasure flow ;
 " Winding by yon verdant shore,
 " Where in full luxuriance grow
 " The purple clusters of the vine,
 " Which through the curling tendrils shine.

" Wife

" Wise are those who ne'er refrain

" The calls of youthful jollity ;

" Who beneath thy gentle reign

" Live, O blooming queen, with thee :

" Wise are those who, ever gay,

" Jocund spend Life's little day."

Delighted with the song, the fair

Descends to grace the splendid board,

Full spread with ev'ry luxury rare

Creation's garden can afford,

In golden dishes heap'd on high,

Tempting e'en satiety.

A canopy is o'er her spread,

Where fruits, impending flowers among,

In light festoons, above her head

In airy elegance are hung ;

Pomegranates sweet, delicious pines,

Allay the heat of costly wines.

" Now," she cries, " let nectar flow ;

" Love, and mirth, and bliss, are ours ;

" A veil of transport let us throw

" O'er the fleeting envious hours :

" Crown with flowers the sparkling bowl,

" Steep in rapture ev'ry soul!"

See the Bacchanalians rise,
 Inflam'd with love, inflam'd with wine;
 Shouts profane assault the skies,
 While they hail their queen divine;
 To her they bend the supple knee,
 Flush'd with loose intemp'rate glee.

A solemn grove is near them, where
 An altar useleſs long has ſtood;
 There the zealots wild repair,
 And rouse the echoes of the wood;
 There the jovial ſet convene,
 To pour libations to their queen.

As copious flow'd the luſcious ſtream,
 With ſhouts all heaven's concave rung;
 Pleaſure ſwell'd their gladſome theme;
 Pleaſure ever fair and young:
 " Pleaſure only we adore;
 " Bleſs'd with her, we aſk no more."

Their plaudits o'er, the queen took firſt
 The golden chalice in her hand,
 In drink ambroſial ſlak'd her thirſt,
 Then gave to all the frantic band;
 All receive the cup with glee,
 And wiſh her immortality.

Ah,

Ah, futile wish ! ah, tranfient fcene
Of joy, foon chang'd to bitter pain !
A bloated corpfè behold the queen ;
Alike behold her thoughtlefs train :
Soon chang'd of blifs their fhort-liv'd breath
To pangs impos'd by cruel Death.

What caus'd the alteration ftrange ?
While all were fwallow'd in delight :—
Vice, who caus'd the awful change,
With eafe escap'd their dazzled fight ;
In Beauty's mask flood by the fhrine,
And mingled poison with the wine.

TO A

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

WHEN Love illicit lifts her circling arms,
O'er thy young limbs an iv'ry chain to spread,
And, ever lib'ral of her glowing charms,
Leads thee, enraptur'd, to her roseate bed;

Go, thoughtless youth, on her white breast recline;
There suck the luscious fragrance of her breath;
In bliss ecstatic clasp her form divine,
But know, you clasp inevitable death.

TO

TO A

L A D Y,

ON THE LOSS OF HER CANARY-BIRD.

WHILE blest'd, foolish bird, with the smiles of
the fair,

And all the soft kindness the fair could apply,

A stranger to grief, unaccustom'd to care,

Ah! say, foolish bird, what induc'd thee to fly?

O'er thy delicate colours and elegant make,

How oft has thy mistress with tenderness hung!

Each endearment attempted thy notes to awake,

While you caught the sweets that distill'd from her
tongue.

Without a misfortune to make thee repine,

Ah! say, foolish bird, what induc'd thee to roam?

When blest'd with enjoyments transcendent as thine,

Sweet Gratitude ought to have kept thee at home.

When with tiger-like fury Puffs made thee her food,
In vain you lamented your folly and fate:
Thus oft discontented, Man wand'ring from good,
Like you, mourns his folly, when mourning's too
late.

Undeserving of pity, yet who can forbear
To pity the wretched, e'en though 'tis scarce due:
Though I mourn o'er your manes, I can't but declare,
I mourn for the lady much more than for you.

No more shall thy warblings give joy to her ear,
No more thy bright plumage delight her bright eye;
Thy fate will, alas! fill that eye with a tear,
Instead of thy notes will be heard her soft sigh:

But her sighs and her tears are not made to remain,
For those of the virtuous soon pass away;
That virtue would rob sharpest grief of its pain,
Which illumines her soul with celestial ray.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

SPRING.

WHEN, lovely Spring, thy hoary-headed fire
Stern Winter first beholds thine infant charms,
Loth to expel thee from his frigid arms,
With fault'ring step he lingers to admire
(Though too infirm to tread thy flow'ry way)
The sweets that rise where'er thy footsteps stray,
To hear the music of the feather'd choir,
Thy presence welcome with mellifluous lay;
Whilst you, with adolescent grace elate,
Haste from his arms, regardless of his fate:
Thus oft, too oft, we see Man's youthful race
Forget the friend who ev'ry blessing gave,
Unfeeling fly from Age's last embrace,
And dance, remorseless, o'er a parent's grave.

SON-

SONNET II.

SUMMER.

ASSUMING now a more majestic mien,
In richer robes the blooming virgin's dress'd ;
The rose and lily blossom on her breast,
And myrtles flourish round her brow serene :
When heat intense through heaven's wide champain
flows,
She spends the day in aromatic bowers ;
Darkness intrudes not on her midnight hours,
And Philomela sings her to repose ;
Blessed herself, with blessings in her train,
The poor adore her philanthropic reign :
Ye sons of Fortune ! who in bliss abound,
Who ever bask beneath a summer sky,
Like her diffuse prosperity around,
And wipe the tear from Famine's ghastly eye.

SON-

SONNET III.

AUTUMN.

A CORONET, compos'd of golden grain,
 Autumn munificent is wont to wear,
 While from his hands, that fruits unnumber'd bear,
 He flings profusion o'er the smiling plain;
 The sky a splendid canopy extends
 Of golden clouds light hanging o'er his head;
 A crimson dye upon his cheek is spread,
 While with his weight luxurious he bends;
 But ah! too prodigal his store he spends:
 Then far away the forms of pleasure fly,
 Shock'd at the conduct of his faithless friends,
 A paler lustre glimmers from his eye.
 The wretch neglected ever sighs to find,
 Abundance only makes the world prove kind.

SONNET IV.

WINTER.

NOT chain'd by frost, nor buried in the snow,
 If dreary Winter ambulates the world,
 On his bare head the tempest's darts are hurl'd,
 And floods ingurgitating round him flow.
 Aged and helpless as he wades along,
 His limbs, uncover'd, tremble in the storm ;
 While hollow winds, that blast his wither'd form,
 Seem to rehearse aloud his funeral song ;
 Yet oft with friendly force they clear the skies,
 And beams of distant brilliance bless his eyes :
 Religion thus, while teaching us to die,
 (Prompt to relieve, assiduous to save,)
 Extends the torch of mercy from on high,
 And casts a gleam of glory on the grave.

SON-

SONNET V.

MORNING.

WHEN bright Aurora rises from her bed,
 And Night's dark shadows from her presence fly,
 Leaving thin clouds, dispersed all the sky,
 Which settle as a veil around her head;
 When her blithe bird proclaims the dawning day,
 And rouses mortals to their daily care,
 Awakes the sun to run his wonted way,
 And spread his brilliance through the fields of air;
 It brings that awful time before mine eyes,
 (While Faith's bright optics clear my erring sight,)
 When the last trump shall sound, the dead arise,
 And scatter'd bones with kindred dust unite,
 The Sun of righteousness suffuse the skies
 With Heaven's unsullied undecaying light.

SONNET VI.

MOONLIGHT.

WITH steps erratic, when I muse alone,
 And see the moon magnificently ride,
 With stars unnumber'd burning round her throne,
 Through heaven's expanse immeasurably wide;
 Though weak and insignificant I move
 Beneath the splendour of the scene sublime,
 My soul, aware what bliss she's form'd to prove,
 Burns to step o'er the boundary of time;
 Impatient of her manacles of clay,
 That ev'ry godlike energy restrain;
 Burns to expand her wings, and soar away
 From things unsatisfactory and vain;
 Burns to escape her habitation mean,
 And search those glories eye hath never seen.

SON-

SONNET VII.

THOUGH Vice triumphant proudly sails along
 Life's smoothest stream, with full expanded sails,
 Fann'd by Prosperity's propitious gales,
 Which often round her bark profusely throng;
 Wafting it safe to rich Golconda's shore,
 Or where Pactolus laves the precious ore;
 Though flaming di'monds on her forehead shine,
 And golden goblets pour Falernian wine,
 To slake her thirst, I envy not her store;
 Rather be poverty and virtue mine!
 For soon she'll steer beneath less gentle skies,
 Where thunders roar, and winds tempestuous blow;
 Then the proud vessel, never more to rise,
 Shall sink, unpitied, in the gulf of woe.

SON-

SONNET VIII.

WHEN sable Night her thickest curtain spread,
 And Heaven's resplendent lamps absorb'd in gloom,
 A lovely maniac started from her bed,
 And, shiv'ring, hasten'd to her lover's tomb :

There, as she press'd the cold unconscious stone,
 And waken'd Silence with her plaintive woes,

“ Soon,” she exclaim'd, “ shall Anna cease to
 groan ;

“ Her aching head shall soon enjoy repose.”

Then, with a sudden spring, she fought the rocks,
 Whose brows tremendous overhung the seas ;

There paus'd awhile ; (her dark luxuriant locks
 And snowy vest, flow'd buoyant on the breeze ;)

Then rush'd impetuous in the gulf beneath,

And ceas'd lamenting, as she ceas'd to breathe.

SONNET IX.

TO A FRIEND, JUST GONE TO COLLEGE.

FOR thee, dear friend, beginning life's career,
The syren Pleasure spreads delusive charms ;
To lure thy youthful honours to her arms,
She pours her honey'd accents on thine ear :
“ Fly, gentle youth, to yon delightful bowers,
“ Of me and Happiness the sweet abode ;
“ Fly, gentle youth, from Learning's arduous
road,
“ To bask with us on aromatic flowers ;
“ For thee we'll mix the mirth-inspiring bowl,
“ Each day, entranc'd in unalloy'd delight,
“ The song, the dance shall fascinate thy soul,
“ And Beauty's eyes illuminate each night.”
Ah ! spurn the flatt'rer, trust not what she saith ;
She offers bliss, but gives—untimely death.

FINIS.

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